HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS OF NEW NEWES,

and diuers more Characters,

(neuer before annexed) written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen.

The tenth impression augmented.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Laurence L'isle*, and are to be sold at his shop at the Tigers head in Pauls Church-yard. 1618.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*) is ſufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, ſhall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticiſme) be excluded as Churliſh Retainer to the MVSES: if from direct plain-dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſufficiency. For had

ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by printing, they would haue committed it to braſſe leſt iniurious time might depriue it of due eternity; If to conuerſe with a creature ſo amiable as is here deſcribed, be thought difficult; let the contemplation therof be held admirable. To which are added (this Tenth impreſſion) many new *Characters* and *Newes* written by himſelfe and others his friends. Howſoeuer, they are now expoſed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the leaſt ſcruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Heliconе frui—— Mar.

Lau. Li'ſle.

Elegies of seuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie poysoned* in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie.*

TWould ease our sorrowes, t'would release our teares,
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine
In sympathie of what we Mortalls plaine.
Or see their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face, or habit, when blacke Deeds, so strange,
As might force pittie from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatch by Monsters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinkes, like men inclinde to sleepe,
Should through their chrystall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view vs but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaster Influence *might descry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse blood,
Blending vile iuices to destroy the good.
The Sunne should wed his beames to endlesse Night,
And in dull darknesse canopie his Light,
When from the ranke stewes of adulterous Brests,
Where euery base vnhallowed Proiect rests,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his ſhine,
A ſtreame, might make euen Death it ſelfe to pine.
But theſe things happen ſtill; but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more luſter did theſe lampes appeare:
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no toueh of ſorrow feele,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not miſtake thoſe powers aboue,
Not taxe iniurionſly thoſe Courts of Ioue,
Surely, they ioy to ſee theſe Acts reueald,
Which in blinde ſilence haue beene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant; whil'ſt we mourne
To thinke that ere ſhe was foule Vices ſcorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blond was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice and darke ſhade.
Weſton *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endleſſe ſleepe conuay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeeke no glorie
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtorie.
If any more were priuie to the Deed,
And for the Crime muſt be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd vp hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their Soules may riſe.
And as thoſe equally turne to one duſt,
So theſe alike may ſhine among the iuſt.
And there make vp one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffred here in ſuch a differing faſhion.

D. T.

To the Memorie of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Chriſtian pietie
To wiſh Gods will be done; and Deſtinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or Ill)
Suffer'd, or ſent, by that implored Will; Breath,
Me thinkes, t'obſerue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to ſlanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wiſe men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
Theſe mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cauſe,
Might ſhake the firmeſt faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might caſuall ſeeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iuſt Order, blame Gods Prouidence
But what is man, t'expoſtulate th'Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of ſtrange Euents?
The riſing Sunne to mortall ſight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the ſtarres conceales;
So may the Sence diſcouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Inſtrument
Doe I accuſe in each ſad Accident:
Good men muſt fall, rapes, inceſts, murders come;
But woe and curſes follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their ſin,
For that proceeds from diu'liſh luſt within.

Thou

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy ſoule in Heauens all glorious (ſphere,
Who being good, naught les to thee befell,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy blood and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathleſſe: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mould)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring Foote)
Now comes like Whirle-winde? how it ſhakes the
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow (Root
Bend to the Foot? how all men ſee that now
The Breath of infamie doth moue their Sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more harty gales
Shall ſtill keepe Winge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honor in his ſufferance; and his Death
Succeeded by his Vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale, a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſlaine
To dich his honors Web in pureſt Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious *Poem* Sir THO: OVERBVRY Knight poyſoned in *the Tower.*

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *darknes* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardie *Heauen!* yet tell
If *Murther* layes him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt Secure *Act*,
And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at random thorough the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Doe hoarie winter froſts make Forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repaire,

By *Thee* doth *Autumnes, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere ſuſtaine
Her burdned powers: *O being ſtill the ſame,*
Ruling ſo much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vaſt world weigh'd, all his *Orbes* doſt guide,
Why are thy Cares of Men no more applyde?
Or if: why ſeem'ſt thou ſleeping to the *Good,*
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of beſt things ſtill muſt Chance, take in command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blinde Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroniouſly diſburſe,
Which ſo let fall, ne're fall but to the *worſe?*
Whence *ſo great crimes* commit the *Greater* ſort,
And boldeſt acts of ſhame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worſhip in their *riſe* of *State*
Thoſe filthie *Scarabs,* whom they *Serue,* and *Hate.*
Sure things meere *backward, there*; *Honour* diſgraſt,
And *Vertue* layd by *Fraud,* and *Poyſon* waſte:
The *Adult'rer vp like Haman,* and ſo *Sainted:*
And *Females modeſty* (as *Females*) painted,
Loſt in all reall worth: what ſhall we ſay?
Things ſo farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all miſſe-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God,*
Right all amiſſe, and ſet the wonted period
Of *Goodneſſe* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vſher* to bring forth the *Maske,* and *Weed*

Where

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This*, make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument
As *Weſton*, a *poore Seruingman*, ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadorſhip?* no, no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſura in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe
A *chaſt*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrack't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blond, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not beene assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which doe in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame?*
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romans* sometime would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not [illegible]auing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſtre now that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe beginnes to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon that workes vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſeruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper ſkine*
With no one cloude ſhall blinde a raye of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſomewhile, but being found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy ſoule fled,
And only *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (raiſd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Graue.

W. B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a miſery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other ayme intended,
But by exchange thy life ſhould be amended:
Yet wert to compaſſe his inſatiate Luſt,
He this laſt friendſhip tendred to thee: truſt
Whiles he diſhonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iuſtice and Fame, ſhall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medij Temp.*

In

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrimabilem Illuſtriſsimi Equitis aurati TH: OVERBVRI magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOw euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of pretious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better fild.

Cap: *Tho: Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of virtue,
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not (frame
A death, whoſe ſting could kil him in his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life, which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If greatneſſe could conſiſt in being Good,
His Goodneſſe did adde titles to his blood.
Onely vnhappy in his liues laſt fate,
In that he liu'd ſo ſoone, to dye ſo late.
Alas whereto ſhall men oppreſſed truſt,
When Innocence cannot protect the iuſt?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemie his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendſhip' where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore ſimplicity with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the ſenſe of griefe
So Ouer-bury'de in a ſafe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell ſlaughter? times vnbred
Will ſay, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treachery, of luſt, or by diſgrace.
In friendſhip, 'twas but *Ouerburies* caſe;
Which ſhal not more cõmend his truth, then proue
Their guilt, who were his oppoſites in loue.

Reſt

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hãds imbrew'd in blood,
Cropt of thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleepe in thy Peace: thus happy haſt thou prou'd,
Thou mightſt haue dy'de more known, not more
Io: Fo: (belou'd.

Vpon Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious Poem.

H*Eſperydes* (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy loſſe deplore,
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow,
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhaddow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered.
But what befell, O too much out of kinde?
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.

R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie his Wife and Marriage.*

When I behold this Wife of thine ſo faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maide.
Eua'hs ſtate, before the falls, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertu's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine.
A Soule ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe contract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And, to enioy her faires without comptroule,
Caſt'ſt off this bodies clog: ſo muſt all doe,
Caſt Matter off, who would abſtraction wooe.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou don:
For, in this life, ſuch beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fail,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her, thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruite. and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To puniſh thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enui'de choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts poynt their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'de
Friendſhip (diſpleaſde to ſee a Lôue produc'de
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie
So pure and chaſt a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, their proiect flies in ſmoke, (choke
The poyſon's cordiall, which they ment ſhould
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's donn;
When in this life, ſuch faires had not beene wonn.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happie Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaued, is, of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend.

F. H.

On this excellent Poem *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the good, as Darke doth (Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The Good, with Wiſdome and Diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and Paſſion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſion,
Or flattery or bribery to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of Vertue, that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to poynt vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to woe,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how.
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuity,

That man was ſeal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in fleſh and blood
Some may auerre and ſtrongly twas meere ment
In way of practiſe, but not preſident;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this myſterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himſelfe a partner for his life
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiuſdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the firſt fraile Woman came,
The firſt that euer made vs know our ſhame,
And finde the curſe of labour; ſo againe,
Goodneſſe and vnderſtanding found a man
To take this ſhame away; and from him ſprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Becauſe it ſhould not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a Woman and a Wife.
And this is ſhe, if euer Woman ſhall
Doe good hereafter; borne to bleſſe our fall.

I. F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

WEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd to woe her,
Setled affections follow not the Eye;
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all, belou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That Earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On

On the Wife.

BEautie affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud,
But triall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward cariage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all Wiues ſuch, This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

WEl haſt thou ſaid, that womē ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be married too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt knew it fitter ſo:
Since, falne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men.
Which, to th'adultrous reſt, that dare begin
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vſde grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more cõmon, then maiſt ſeem more (good
I onely wiſh thou mayſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

To the cleane contrarie Wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with ſo ſtrong cõmand in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hateful, as vntrue,
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnes, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of fowle Incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe onely of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improou'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch:
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldom ſeene, that Blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtoeke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Marchants I would chuſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a Horſe to loſe a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter,
That it leaues vnſtudied no man:
I would haue my Miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall to anſwere No.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Euery night's another mayde.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Teares:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Prieſt firſt giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen-like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod together,*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury*, *and his* POEM.

'TIs dangerous to be *good*: well we may praiſe
Honeſtie, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A powre, that ſhall ſecure't, 'gainſt wrongs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome*?
Iniurious hands, which 'cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*: would therefore ſpoyle the *cabinet*.
But, though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen*, her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Halelwiahs*: heauen may boaſt
T'haue got that Angell there, which we haue *loſt*:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe, than a *throne* is *there*.
That *firmament* of holy *fires* which wee
Enioyed, whilſt thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *aſhes* as the light
Of day, the Sun once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometimes, the *Sun* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lampe*, of vertue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguiſhed*, in thee;
Yet, to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt, behind thee, left a matchleſſe *Wife*:

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband di'de)
Beene wooed by many, for a second bride:
But like a chast religious widdow, she,
Hauing lost her first mate, Scornes *bigamie*.

P. B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* Erected in memorie of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningst hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand,
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First let Religion, in her heart haue place
As th'ground & fountain whence all vertues spring
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t'escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beautie* (ioyn'd with modestie appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chastitie
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystall cleere
Wherein life moues, affections led *thereby*.
In her hands *charitie*, and at the right
The holy Angells let protecting be:

And

And at the left, Gods mercies ſhining bright
Diſtributing to each neceſſitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the ſame
Vnto the blinde their ſight let her reſtore
Strength'ning the weake, and raiſing vp the lame,
Vnder her feete the Diuell and darkeneſſe ſet,
Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behinde her lie
Baſe ſelfe-loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-luſt, and *Ennie* from her preſence flie.
And on her *Breaſt*, in golden letters write
Heauens beſt below'd, earths chiefeſt delight.

He that (in's Choyce) would meete with ſuch a Wife,
Muſt vow virginitie and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* and his WIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
A Bad one gaue me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegie vpon the Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury Knight* poyſoned in the Tower.

Hadſt thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth
Sickned and dyde, been ſtretcht-out and laid forth
After thy farewell Sermon, taken earth
And left no deed to praiſe thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury *by a paſſe of theirs,*
Thou might'ſt haue tyded hence in two howers teares,
Then had we worne thy ſprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Roſemary;
Or then the deale was eating for thy ſake,
And thou hadſt ſunke in thy owne wine and cake;
But ſince it was ſo ordered and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth and fear'd thy wit
Thou ſhouldſt be poyſoned, Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place.
For none heares poyſon nam'd but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Stateſman ſo did die?
In this thou haſt outdyde an Elegie
Which were to narrow for poſteritie,
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeeme to kill,
Working a freſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerue thee longer ere thou roſt,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needeſt thou truſt a Herrald with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iuſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtriues
To pay the vſe and intereſt of ſ lines,
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the law
Enough of bloud; for naming liues I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee muſt write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne, by whoſe Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

THough dumbe, deafe, dead, I crie, I heare, I kill,
Thus growne a Politician gainſt my will.

I. M.

An *Elegie* on the late *Lord William Haward* Barron of Effingham, dead *the tenth of December.* 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor do I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent
From whom no Pēnance warns, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from mine owne husbandrie:
And till Ghoſtes walke, as they were wont to do
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd
What Tryals in their Iournies they indur'd,
What Certainties of Honor and of worth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought forth
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore
He is my Patron, dyed he rich, or poore
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flattery and Enuie both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A Badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance.

What

What did he? acts of mercy; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine.
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and Inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband to one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And reade petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous. And that done not feare
What Lady dam'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall,
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall.
And when he did his rich Apparell don,
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on.
Did he loue ſimply vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King.
But aboue all did his Religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate.
He that is guilty of no *Quere* here.
Out laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then, on the earth.
And t'were a Crime in ſuch a publique fate
For one to liue well, and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere cuſtome had prepard thy calumny.
Eight dayes haue paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And haue no vſe of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tyde,
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our little by the holding of ſome leaſe (crew
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew.
It were too ſad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath diſordered all miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herrald in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.

And

And thus hath conquering Death or Nature rather
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe. He therfore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once ſay all
Here lyes the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward
Truth is well payd when ſhe is ſung and heard.

An

An Elegie on the Death *of the* LADY RVTLAND.

I May forget to eat, to drinke, to ſleepe
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men ſhall at thy hearſe
Enuy the ſorrow which brought forth my verſe.
May my dull vnderſtanding haue the might
Onely to know her laſt was yeſternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sydney* will more force a teare,
Tis ſhe that is ſo dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue profeſſe not Poetrie:
The Stateſmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue buſineſſe ſtill, yet doe it not in rime:
Can ſhe be dead, and can there be of thoſe
That are ſo dull to ſay their prayers in proſe?
It is three dayes ſince ſhee did feele Deaths hand
And yet this Ile not cald the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At ſuch a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all ſay they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write becauſe their Muſe is dead.
Heare me then ſpeake which will take no excuſe,
Sorrow can make a verſe without a Muſe.

Why

Why didſt thou dye ſo ſoone? O pardon me
I know it was the longeſt life to thee.
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan
Since the Almighty left to ſtriue with man;
Mankinde is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their own Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe
There were enough to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women: marriage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were a gaine to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boot
In all things elſe, thou rather leadſt a life
Like a berhrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had onely tride thy ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to haue caſt an eye
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow layd vp againſt thou com'ſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What t'was to venture him to ſaue a Land;
He left two children who, for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs tooke
Thee a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'le ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the worth
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinitie controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee.
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you all
That doe your ſelues the helpes of Nature call
Phyſitions? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as none in health would heare
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phiſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your pouertie;

You're

You're many of you Impostors, and do giue
To sicke men potions that your selues may liue.
For he that hath surfeited and cannot eate,
Must haue a medcine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill
Vnlesse it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madnesse make my verses flow
Crosse to my vnderstanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looser sort of people in the streete
From desperate diseases freed, and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to die?
Why should the State allow you Colledges
Pensions for Lectures and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting bloud
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will show
The hidden reason why you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her bloud
Ran in such courses as you vnderstood,
By Lectures you belee'd her arteries
Grew as they do in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But only whores and Theeues to practise on.
And euery passage about them I'me sure
You vnderstood, and only them can cure,
Which is the cause that both ——
Are noted for enioying so long liues.

But

But noble bloud treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you had ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſeru'd her from that fatall day.
As t:s. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould haue
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.

The Method.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrarie, Lust; *then for his choyce, First, his opinion negatiuely, what should not bee: the First causes in it, that is, neither* Beautie, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what should bee, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing,* Beautie. *The first only is absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by loue to himselfe, which makes her a Wife. And lastly, the onely condition of a Wife,* Fitnesse.

A WIFE

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the same againe:
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, should all the *World of Women be.*

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vſe of themſelues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their Face, the *Faire* no pleaſure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure finde:
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
We are *two halfes*: whiles each frō other ſtraies,
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man a *Shee-Man* did in his bodie breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* ſhe from *Man*;
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whoſe ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* ſo,
Wherein the very *act* is Chaſtitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* go.
Which make *two one*, while here they liuing be
And after death in their *poſteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *deſires* might ſtint,
That he a *comfort like himſelfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vſe*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We fill but *part of Time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſt* of it is onely in the *Senſe*;
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman kinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the Woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſteritie.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phiſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon;
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules Interpreters, words be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no Company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt, and Duſt, lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beautie* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meete, to ſatisfie,

All

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at *firſt view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'de by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beautie* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be she plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentrie is but a *rèlique* of Time past,
And *Loue* doth onely but the *present* see; (*same*
Things were first made, then *words*: she were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I shun it, nor my ayme it make;
Byrth, *Beautie*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; those *two* are ill combin'd,
Who, any *third* thing fro *themselues*, hath ioyn'd

Rather then these, the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when these with vertue go,
They (in themselues *indifferent*) vertues proue;
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image, in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keepes the *other* ſweete:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue; but alſo *mee*,
The law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
And ſhe is *more* a *Maide* that *rauiſht* is,
Then She which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood;
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Moralitie reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conſcience*.

Then may I *truſt her Bodie* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon ſecure, need neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euills that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer dye,
Nor wil the grief more milde by cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our Loue*:
This mifery doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicions may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good*, the *leaſt*.

To

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealouſie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occaſion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Luſt ere it hurts, is beſt deſcryde a farre:
Luſt is a ſinne *of two*; he that is ſure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* ſecure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderſtanding Wife*,
By Nature *wiſe*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her ſide, will all my life
More ſcope of conuerſation impart,
Beſides, Her inborne vertue fortifie, (why.
They are moſt firmely good, that beſt know

A *paſſiue vnderſtanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to diſcerne, I wiſh to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballaſt*, but more *ſaile*.

Domeſticke

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure* 'tis, corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcreet*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*,
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*; on likely-hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd, *Luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtitie* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marrie* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beautie is *Health*, and *Beautie*, both in one;
Be ſhee ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe,

To

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth: opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne.*
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, do *Feele* and *See.*

The *Face* we māy the ſeat of *Beautie* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beautie in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye.*

Loue

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd;
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the obiect is inflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's; to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beautie* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformitie*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beautie*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *Modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*; *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beautie* met;
But *Modeſtie*, no vertue can we ſee;
That, is the Faces onely *Chaſtitie*.

Where

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* reſpect,
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

As *Good*, and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Mee, ſo what I loue to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage, both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my dayes meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely loue can clime;
Where being now enlightened, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue off below:
Onely this duſt doth heere in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come again.

Characters.

OR

Wittie deſcriptions of the properties of ſundry Perſons.

A good Woman.

Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetnes of diſpoſition which meetes his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meetes yron eaſier then yron, and turnes reſiſting

ſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſhious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to be ſeene, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. Shee hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. Shee hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhee will fetch it, for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhee dares chide her *Sex*, though ſhee vſe it neuer the worſe. Shee is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhee findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of

her

her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of deſcription for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now ſhee is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhee doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhee takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhee doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her cheefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A very Woman.

A *verie Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *Shee* ment well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *underſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſtie*, that keeps a man from climbing ouer into her faults. Shee ſimpers as if ſhe had no teeth, but lips: and ſhee diuides her eyes, and keeps halfe for

her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe ſhee caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhee doth not liue but tarrie. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinkes ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the knight of the Sunne for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhee ſhew more ſhee preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-mayde. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhee may

may goe for a Mayde, but ſhe hath been lyen with in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophie*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that bee too good for her. Shee's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill too big for it; yet her *Vanity* ſeldome matcheth hir, with one of her own degree, for then ſhee will beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if ſhee marry better, ſhee marries worſe. Shee gets much by the ſimplicitie of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughes at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a Husband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may ſee it, in a Seruingmans freſh *Naperie*, and his Leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I need not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhe loue, ſhe loues not the Man, but the beaſt of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking conſumption: euery caudle ſhee giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commenda-

tion is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her nex part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwimme at top of the table, where her wrie littel finger bewraies *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhee quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Countrie, comes in cleane Linnen to viſite her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Sonne is like her howſoeuer, & that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeares of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe & faſhion,

and

and are ſilent; if ſhe be more deuout, ſhe lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in ſtead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhe neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; ſhe weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaues the other in her Chamber-window. Shee hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhee ſmels the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentle-womans better Gowne. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Huſbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhe doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to olde Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Diſſembler.

IS an eſſence needing a double definition, for he is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleaſing, vnto the eare not harſh, but vnto the vnderſtanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, & his intents giue him forme: he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baytes craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the preſent diſpoſition. Hee winnes not by batterry, but vndermining, and his racke is ſmoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obſeruation. He knowes paſſion onely by ſufferance, and reſiſteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occaſion: the Inquiſitor muſt looke through his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not viſible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier.

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowen. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. Hee puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiatiõ than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beautie, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging

ging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but hee moues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances.

If you finde him not heare, you ſhall in *Paules*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe.

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes: hee is as blind as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for friendes. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally: when he goes, hee lookes who lookes: if hee findes not good ſtore of vailers,

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill hee be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer hee eats he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but hee cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beauty, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. Hee is now at an end, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glory, which hee fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer.

IS *the ſhadow of a Foole*, He is a good wood-man, for hee ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake hee will halt or weare a wry necke. Hee diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie,

and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. Hee will play any vpon his countenance, and where hee cannot bee admitted for a counſeller, hee will ſerue as a foole. Hee frequents the Court of Wardes and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whoores. Hee entreth young men in to acquaintance and debt books. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will bee ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glorie hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed,

and

and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their own words. Hee is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. Hee confeſſeth vices that hee is guiltleſſe of, if they bee in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in olde clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publicke aſſembly without him, and hee will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though hee be but a whifler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtorie of his actions. Hee handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, dyet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then hee vnderſtands, and aduentures his words without the reliefe of any ſeconds. Hee relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeuiſhly beguiled a ballad

lad of them. In a word, to make ſure of admiration, hee will not let himſelfe vndreſt and himſelfe, but hopes, fame and opinion will bee the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt.

IS a noune adiectiue of the preſent tenſe. He hath no more of a conſcience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants ſeruant. Is firſt his owne Slaue, and then whoſoeuer looketh big; when hee giues hee curſeth, and when hee ſels he worſhips. Hee reades the ſtatutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the ſtreetes: hee neuer praiſeth any but before themſelues or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute he meant to mediate before them. He pleaſeth the children of great

great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. Hee ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſty would ſerue a Bride. Hee is grauity from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place hee affecteth, for hee creepes as neere it as may bee, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt.

IS a certaine blaſted or planet-ſtroken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the beſt, his faſhion exceedes the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verſes, and muske confects; and ſighs to the hazard of his buttons

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Miſtris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. Hee fights with paſſion, and looſeth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbuttoned, and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other quality moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moyſture; when ſhe disfauours, vnable to holde that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. Hee anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for hee is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the traytor to his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Traueller.

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath ſeene more then he hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cryes, *Behold me.* He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake rather then confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. Hee chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, then not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming greate men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regarde of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, enpawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall dayes he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an ordinary he canvaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents & plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tel them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; hee offereth courtiſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee imputeth

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his own vnworthineſſe : and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are gouerned by fame, hee loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſe man

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar ; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe : ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes his peace cõmeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humors, no otherwise then if they were flies. Hee chuseth not frindes by the subsidy-booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temporance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his bodie. Hee vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to do with the mind, except those drowned in the body: but he hath deuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse hee assists no otherwise then commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will bee thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit.

Hath ſurueied and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. Hee circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is noe man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moues by affection, not for affection; he loues glorie, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. Hee cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneth. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body. but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne

mbecility, to ſhew or ſuffer. Hee licen-
ceth not his weakneſſe, to weare Fate,
but knowing reaſon to bee no idle gift of
Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his
owne deſtinie. Truth is his Goddeſſe,
and he takes pains to get her, not to look
like her. He knowes the condition of the
world, that he muſt act one thing like a-
nother, and then another. To theſe hee
carries his deſires, & not his deſires him;
and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that
contentment is repentance) but know-
ing the circle of all courſes, of all intents,
of all things, to haue but one center or
period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth
thither and ends there, as his true & na-
turall element. Hee doth not contemne
Fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no
Gameſter of the world (which only com-
plaine and praiſe her) but being onely
ſenſible of the honeſtie of actions, con-
temnes a particular profit as the excre-
ment or ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men
he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleereneſſe directs
their ſteps in a regular motion: when hee

is

is more particular, hee is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, then the weakneſſe of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters and helpe him out of priſon.

An Olde Man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his dayes. Olde men are to bee knowne blinde-folded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their owne times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their olde cuſtomes, euen to the eating of redde herring, and going wetſhod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore Cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; bnt of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and huſbrandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pena* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, he ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes a way vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euerie Cut-purſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If hee goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter in a ſlight tafetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes trobleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion & the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a Leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellours; he hath thus much toward entertainement and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, hee coniures his poore countrie-men. But this is not his elemēt, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that endes his flight in a dunghill.

A Fine

A Fine Gentleman.

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Oratours*: by theſe alſo hee prooues his induſtry: for hee hath purchaſed legs, haire, beauty, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeakes *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but hee buies it at Court, as Countrey men their clothes in Birchin-lane. Hee is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighs ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably:

tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, he weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt hee ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his own Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards hee maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylours and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowen by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Eldee

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornely. He dares doe any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minority. The firſt thing hee makes known is his eſtate; and the Loadſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. Hee loues to bee commended, aud hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the olde ſeruants, & tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt cõmon-wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limmes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his will, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet; if he by this time be not knowen, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelf concealed, then his land; yet

yet he is (as you ſee) good for nothing: except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welchman.

IS the Oyſter that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldneſſe. His clothes are in faſhion before his body: and hee accounts boldneſſe the cheefeſt vertue; aboue all men he loues an Herrald, and ſpeakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well deſcended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiarity is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo hee preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the ſtory of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Danies* day without compariſon.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand ſcannes verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not thinke a thought that the Nominatiue caſe gouernes not the Verbe; and hee neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled onely for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, & his example *Tully*. Hee values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight parts of ſpeech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, hauing onely the ſingle quality of words.

A Ser-

A Seruing-man

IS *a creature, which though hee bee not drunke, yet is not his owne man.* Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the superscription of his Liuery. His life is, for ease and leasure, much about *Gentleman-like*. His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happy; if he were sure of it, for hee hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himselfe higher or lower, as his Master is: He hates or loues the Men, as his Master doth the Master. Hee is commonly proud of his Masters horses or his Christmas; he sleeps when hee is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his stomacke is set to go an houre after his. He seldom breaks his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee must bee pledg'd; nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines till

hee come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire & outward linnen. His courting language, viſible baudy iefts; and againſt his matter faile, hee is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayd, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better: he alwayes cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt.

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, & *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

He

He consists of double beere & fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatenesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruantes. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest isa warrant for her libertie. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for he neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse reasonably him selfe.* He consists of Trauellers, though he bee none

himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to bee *Hoſt*, and the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit : for the expreſſing whereof he ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that he ſhould not eat his hay : and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for hee expreſſeth much by the gingling : and his mane-combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſeruice, He puffes and blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double Iugge : and leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerb of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdeſt, not firſt; he takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue hee feeles not. His vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and hee ſpeakes Northerne, what countrey man ſoeuer. He hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* & *Sadler* for intelligence: he loues to ſee you ride and holds your ſtirrop in expectation.

A good

A good Wife.

IS a mans beſt mooueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friend, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. She is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, & mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more willingly. Stubborneneſſe and obſtinacy, are hearbes that grow not in her garden. Shee leaues tatling, to the goſſips of the town, and is more ſeene then heard. Her houſhold is her charge, her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be clenly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By his diſ-

cretion ſhee hath children, not wantons; a husband without her, is a miſery in mans apparell: none but ſhee hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhee is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholly Man

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhee made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keepes his minde in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke: hee windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faſter. Hel'e ſeldome bee found without the ſhade of ſome

ſome groue, in whoſe bottom a riuer dwels. Hee carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnſeemly. Speake to him; he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leaſure. Hee thinkes buſineſſe, but neuer does any: he is all contemplation, no action. Hee hewes and faſhions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to ſome purpoſe, but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vſe. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and colde: variety of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breathe, according to the neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue at thrice. Hee denyes nature her due in ſleepe, and ouer-payes her with watchfulneſſe: nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies:

they are the consuming euills, and euill consumptions, that consume him aliue. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Sailor

IS a pitcht peece of reason calkt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his owne Prouision, for he liues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the substance of his Creed; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally hee feares; for he is euer flying: time and he are euerie where, euer contending who shall arriue first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runnes darknesse. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if he

he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deep: but ſo as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, then ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſleepes are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when hee awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euery tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noyſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it bee ſplit hee neuer repent, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new

nations

nations : his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, hee has no ſterne : a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon : vpon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him hee dare not : hee ſwarues vp to his ſeat as to a ſayle-yarde, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag-ſtaffe : if euer hee bee broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe-taile : he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quicke-ſand plucke him before hee bee ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Soul-

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honor & *aqua-vitæ*, two fiery mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, prooues his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a louer at all poynts; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and letchery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file

with

with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keeps beſt quarter: he ſeldom ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy, for hee loues his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full Student, for hee is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary matches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and hee appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. Hee is a thing of more then ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houſes and raiſeth the low ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwayes vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to reſiſt them. A tenne groates ſee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Ægyptianvermins; and

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in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, hee neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congeled ſnow: *Promethеus* was a ſleepe while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtil marked out for Damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchymiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparrell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembike, can turne your ſilkes into golde, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a moneth or two if hee bee vrg'd vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper

ſubſtance

ſubſtance. Hee is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician, cunning enough in Multiplycation and adition, but can not abide ſubſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vſq; ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For he could neuer yet find out the dimenſi ons of his owne conſcience: Not withſtanding he hath many bottoms, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomleſſe. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo, with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leaue you, promiſing to amend whatſoeuer is amiſſe, at his next ſetting

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A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd peece of *Apocripha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance, & fat feed, are

are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truly whoſe child he is, is yet unknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continuall coſtiue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation; and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hidebound; he euer praves againſt the *Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and march-beere, hee murmures at; what it diſallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtands open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, he creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modeſt

courſe

course, he cries out *Councels*. His greatest care is to contemne obedience, his last care to serue God, handsomely and cleanly; He is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioine cleane shirts, he were lowlie: more sense then single prayers is not his; nor more in those, then still the same petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderstands not at first hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs back like a Beare; and hates square dealing as allied to caps, a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Parish, and are the onely glister-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is best, there he confutes most, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits hee holds breedes good positions, and the Pope the best concludes against, in Plum-b[illegible]h. He is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his sleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele, and that

ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keepes him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which hee ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not bee, for that loues order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremonie, & made but maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whoore

IS a hie way to the Diuell, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voyage: he that ſtaies to talk with her, mends his pace, and who enioyes her, is at his iourneyes end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to holde colour: taſte her ſhee's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew

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in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: ſhe prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, ſhe growes a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtom breakes her; The mony that ſhe gets is like a traitors, giuen onely to corrupt her; and what ſhe gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. She is euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending, and after thirty, ſhe is the Chirurgions creature, ſhame and Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpitall acquainted. She liues a Reprobate, like *Caine*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeare of her trade ſhee is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cries to draw on more affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, ſhe's an intermewer, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to

tenne ſhee beares the name of white Whoore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, & ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhee takes in ſtones, ſhee fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mews her pounces, at all theſe yeeres ſhee flyes at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore.

I Sa woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth o-

pen

pen mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hand to make them moyſt. Her eyes are like free-booters liuing vpon the ſpoyle of ſtragglers; and ſhee bayts her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances and entiſements; in the light ſhe liſtneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. She will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſity, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpan breadth. And to haue done, ſhe is the Cooke and the meat, dreſſing her ſelfe all day, to bee taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere common Lawyer

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. Hee is a *Materia prima* informed by reports,

actuated by ſtatutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furniſht with a Commiſſion to arraigne his Conſcience : but vpon iudgement giuen, he vſually ſets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that poynt hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priſcian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by ſuperexcellencie his profeſſion only is learning, and that it's a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed hee is all for money. Seuen or eight yeeres ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding : and euer ſince the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what hee was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) enioyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe ; His perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of

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the laſt yeere of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French-hood, in ſtead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and ioynes iſſue. Then hee begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell. Next Terme hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turn, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his Caſes

from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes *in Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in Aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft

forgets

forgets his iourneis end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath enough to make terminations of those words which his authoritie hath endenizon'd. *Rhetorike* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logike* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetike* enough for the Ordinals of his yeare-bookes, and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute against it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can aduice in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuisis*. In *Astronomy* and *Astrologie* he is so far seene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the Holy-dayes, and finds by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dirty. Marry, he knowes so much in *Musique*, that he affects onely the most and cunningest *Discords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, especially song, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perspectiue* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Lawe and giues

many

many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancy*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead Queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the fowle Copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle, to ſet their worth on.

A Meere Scholler

A Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe: A Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeaks Sentences more familiarly then Senſe. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith:

faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: he do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that he either is, or ſhall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, hee ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logick* he dare ſweare & maintaine it; that a Cuckold and a Towneſ-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: hee was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro* & *Contra*: his tongue goes alwayes before his wit, like Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That hee is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeak more with eaſe, then any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſity ieſts are his vniuerſall

diſcourſe,

discourse, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers shreds like a cushion. and when it goes playneſt, 't hath a rash outside, and Fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer bee the question, the truth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to bee ignorant of any thing; and yet he knowes not that hee knowes nothing: hee giues directions for Husbandry from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the Booke, is skilfull in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretickes, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill luck

luck is not ſo much in being a foole, as in being put to ſuch pains to expreſſe it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouerty is his happineſſe, for it makes ſome men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a gliſter, and 'tis now like Ware miſſayd in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, hee is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality, much in profeſſion, nothing in practiſe.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. Hee ſeemes to bee very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and ſome-

ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquitie: yet hee prooues him ſelfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philoſopher, for he beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſicke firſt inuented, and therefore is hee allwayes furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune, proues that he was the firſt founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note that where the beſt Ale is, there ſtands his muſick moſt vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is ſome foule ſunne-burnt Qneane, that ſince the terrible Statute recanted Gypſiſme, and is turned Pedlereſſe. So marches he all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuerſation is vnreprouable; for he is euer mending. He obſerues truely the Statutes, and therefore he had rather ſteale then begge, in which he is vnremoueably conſtant in ſpight of whips or impriſon-

priſonment: and ſo a ſtrong enemy to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three then want work; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the Wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtomes, conuerſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If hee viſit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with Canting prooues him a *Linguiſt*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoid ſuſpicion. Some would take him to be a Coward; but beleeue it, hee is a Lad of mettle, his valor is commonly three or foure yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. Hee is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo he had rather ſubmit then bee counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tyburne and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. He croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children, for their encreaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game it at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens dores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſiuant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer

richer by it, and are by iuſtice appoynted to puniſh it: onely the Diuell is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lyeth in his eyes which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key-holes, to ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe he ſtudyeth the opticks, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth his eyes. Hee is a Catholike, for hee is euery where; and with a Politicke, for he transformes himſelfe into all ſhapes. Hee trauels on foot to auoyd idleneſſe, and loues the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all ſinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall ſinne, and to take bribes a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings, and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age, till Death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeere, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets of whome he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe parol: to them he payes yearely rent, his ſtudy, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his hart) for 40. s. *per annum.* His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; & (if by chance) he purchace any, he loſeth it againe at the yeares end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho-Barche* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtãds not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to be credited, then controul'd. His life is vpright, for he is allwaies looking vpward;

vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further then to mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whome hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes in his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his Proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any olde Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the diuels Intelligẽcer for ſtoln goods. if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empiricke: his workes flye forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to chaundlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be breife, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercury* to

point out high-wayes, and a bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what hee will be then, hee himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſty* and *Artificiall Diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *Plant* or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill Nature* & *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Common-wealth* (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weede* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for hee is both, in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out-ſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offreth himſelfe to you

you to be taken downe in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truely taſted and relliſht, hee bee not as loathſome to the ſtomacke of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done or ſayd: yea, even to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue Benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a known Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulenesſe of it wil make thoſe that are not fully like him,

to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues ; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, makes a iudicious man amend his own faults in horſemanſhip. If none of theſe vſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liueth, were as ſtrang a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; amongſt Dogs, the mange ; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women the Northerne itch, and the French Ache bee diſeaſes ; an Hypocrite can not but bee the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practiſe of it but himſelfe ; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedy, anſwered : *No, by his leaue,*

leaue, he would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe. Hence are his so austere reprehensions of drinking healths, lasciuious talke, vsury and vnconscionable dealing; when as himselfe hating the profane mixture of malt & water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming lothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not doe it, but to strengthen his body, being euen cõsumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babling to God and his Auditours. And for the other vices, doe but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, & if you come off without a sauor of the ayre which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried vpon the

backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiouſneſſe*: and they may well ſerue to carry other vices, for of themſelues they are inſupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all ſcience, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure: holy or ſincere, but the ſenſeleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed ſpirit, and the endleſſe labors of his eternall tong; the motions wherof, when matter and words faile (as they often doe) muſt be patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherin the heathen Poets wrot their fictions; *Hebrue*, the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controuerſies* doe not edifie, *Logicke* and *Philoſophy*, are the ſubtilties of *Sathan*, to deceiue

ceiue the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *profane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all deſent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech & perſwaſion (though in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſauing that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in allſo- to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall* ſhould binde, if it might haue the full ſwindge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay, he willcommand them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to be emptied with the inundations of his vnſatiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*. For this doth he familiarly inſult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him,

him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* & *Vniuerſities*, are reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shop-boord, or a Cloke-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained Zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple* and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hook and crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſo-

lute

lute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay-Pupils. Nay, they muſt not onely be obeyed, feede, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringring *Ballad-ſinger*: a *Water-bearer* on the ſloore of a Play-houſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeaks nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerela

A Maquerela, in plaine Engliſh a Bawd

IS an olde *Char-coale*, that hath beene burnt herſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhee makes a wicked brazen face, & weepes in the cuppe, to allay the heate of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to bee friends, and meet about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhee accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhee bee rotten. Her enuy is like that of the Diuell, to haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhee hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are Raſcall:

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that knowe her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bolde to take the vpper hand of them, and to bee carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the Pariſh: for her mooueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Warde-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhe hath only this one ſhew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts; and if hee want it that way, let

him

him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, he that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maide.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keepes the box of her teeth, her haire, & her painting very priuate. Her induſtry is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry handyou may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Greeneſickeneſſe* for e-

uer:

ner ; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhe is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *night Mare*. Shee hath a good liking to dwell i'th Countrey, but ſhe holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greenes* works ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with *the Mirrour of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolu'd to run out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhee catch a clap, ſhee diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the Seruingman, as if ſhee had cut out the getting of it by a Thread: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhee hath payd for her credulity often, & now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyed to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtion of her Virginity: Her minde, her body, and clothes,

are

are parcels looſely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, ſhee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Miſtris and ſhee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idleſt purpoſe that can bee, either for loue or money. In briefe, theſe *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one woorth any thing.

A Preciſian.

TO ſpeake no otherwiſe of this *varniſht rottenneſſe* then in truth & verity he is, I muſt define him to bee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impiety; a faire obiect to the eye, but ſtarke nought for the vnderſtanding, or elſe a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. He will be ſure to bee in oppoſition with the *Papiſt*, though it bee ſometimes accompanied with an abſurdity; like

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* do it by their hats. If at any time hee faſt, it is vpon Sunday, and hee is ſure to feaſt vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lies, then one oath, and dare commit any ſinne guilded with a pretence of ſanctity. He will not ſticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, ſo it bee done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his hart to lye with any whore, ſaue the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale hee holds it lawfull, ſo it bee from the wicked and Ægyptians. He had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſooner to be halfe hanged, then ſee a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. Hethinkes euery

Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wiſdomes Pſalmes*, then the beſt *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can ſing. He will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiueneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for feare of luſting after her. He hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally hee is ſo ſure of his ſaluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, with out boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HE is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a paire of ſilke ſtokings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Scholemaſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, and ſeene two plaies, he thinkes as baſely of the

Vniuerſity

Vniuersity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-schoole*. He talkes of the *Vniuersity*, with that state, as if he were her Chauncellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. He will talke endes of *Latine*, though it bee false, with as greate confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't, be *Tauernes* & *Ordinaries*. He is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his *acquaintance*.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-ty, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his cloathes well. His very essence he placeth in his out-side, and his chiefest prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and velure in the Winter.

For his recreation, hee had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy-house, onely to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholly, but when hee wants a new Suite, or feares a Sargeant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Ploydon*. By that hee hath read *Littleton*, hee can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe-Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an House.

HE is one whose Hopes cõmonly exceed his fortunes, & whose mind soares aboue his purse. If hee hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemns the *late lord Tresurer*, for all the state-policie hee had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloathes, but against a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeare, though all his busines be to see a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obserue the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to be out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without resignation money. Hee will not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as hartily for a sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly hee spendes that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Peny-commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If hee bee a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himſelfe greater then euer *Cæſar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather loſe an inheritance then an Office, when hee ſtands for it.

If hee bee to trauell, he is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ſhip is rigging for a ſeuen yeares voyage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when he is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more abſurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

Hee thinkes himſelfe as fine when hee is in a cleane band, and a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when hee is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, hee is one that reſpects no man in the *Vniuerſitie*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A worthy

A worthy Commander in the Warres.

IS one that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and layes that as his firſt foundation. He neuer bloudies his ſword but in heat of battell; and had rather ſaue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill tenne of his enemies. Hee accounts it an idle, vaine-glorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to bee full of good words; his rewarding therfore of the deſeruer arriues ſo timely, that his liberality can neuer bee ſayd to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can bee an honeſt man, and dare die in't. Hee doth not think his body yeelds a more ſpreading ſhadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heauineſſe, not inſultation; hee is ſo honourably mercifull to women in

ſurprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtriues to gaine reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatneſſe of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toile hee endures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. He vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault beeing ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, is heart faints not. Hee hath learned aſwel to make vſe of a victory as to get it, and purſuing his enemy like a whirle-winde carries all afore him; being aſſured, if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſdome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowen to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hãd of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer thẽ to thriue; if he cannot ouercome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *Time*. If euer he ſhake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; hee thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. He vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling cõtempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. Hee thinkes warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute

ſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch noiſe, as if his body were the wheelebarrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries leuel, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. Hee traines by the booke,

book, and reckons ſo many poſtures o the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When he comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt onſet ſuffers feare & trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcorns any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath beene ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that he ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He wil raile openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the aduerſe party, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his own heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytour*, for hee fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer ſo ſmal a veſſell; & like a witch in a ſieue, you would think he were going to make merry with the Diuell. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leaue off his theeuing thogh he be in a narrow priſon, and look euery day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee cannot

cannot repent, though he view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath ſo littrel his owne, that the houſe he ſleepes in is ſtolne; all the neceſſities of life he filches, but one: hee cannot ſteale a ſound ſleepe, for his troubled conſcience: He is very gentle to thoſe vnder him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world. for he giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what he gets, is ſmall vſe to him, onely liues by it, (ſomwhat the longer (to do a littel more ſeruice to his belly; for he throwes away his treaſure vpon the ſhore in riot, as if he caſt it into the Sea. Hee is a *cruell Hauke* that flies at all but his own kind: and as a *Whale* neuer comes a-ſhore but when ſhee is wounded; ſo hee very ſeldome, but for his neſſities. He is the *Marchants booke*, that ſerues onely to reckon vp his loſſes; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and *the Earth-quake of the exchange*. Yet for al this giue him but his pardon,

and

and for giue him restitution, hee may liue to knowe the inside of a Church, and die on this side Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer

IS a fellow, that beside shauing of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Flesh and blood hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him *Crosskisse*: his and a Dancing-schoole are inseparable adiuncts, and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominably, neither shall complaine of annoiance: three large basins set vp his Trade, with a bench, which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vses for his day-bed; for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge seuen seuerall waies, and scrambles

ſcrambles for money, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire*: at his challenge hee ſhewes his mettall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſicke, he dare bleede, though it bee in the dog-dayes: hee teaches *Diuelliſh* play in's Schoole, but when hee fights himſelfe, hee doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Shollers, and when hee hath brought the buſines to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldom aboue skin-deep; for an inward bruſe, Lamb-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his only *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backeward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that he is ſtill open breaſted to his friends, for his foils, and his doubler, weare not aboue two buttons: and reſolute hee is, for he

ſo

ſo much ſcornes to take blowes, that he neuer weares *Cuffes*; and hee liues better contented with a little, then other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe Fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-clarke.

HE is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-month. He is a Farmers ſonne, and his fathers vtmoſt ambition is to make him an *Atturney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe dice,

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancerie*, for piſſing in their greene pots. He eats Ginger-bread at a Play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup wel on friday nights, he cares not though his maſter be a Puritan. He practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clark of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commẽdable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you bee neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe and write a Challenge in Court hand; for it may bee his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the

Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom bag*. Laſtly, which is great pitty, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinnefull burden of his Maſter at ſeuerall Courts in *Weſtminſter*.

A Foot-man,

LEt him be neuer ſo well made, yet his Legs are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foot forward. He will neuer be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his childe-hood. His mother (which, out of queſtion, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him run his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courſes. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerue on horſ-backe, hee had prooued an excellent trumpet. He has one happineſſe aboue all

all the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. He liues moore by his own heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright then any groſſe-gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; only this, Horſes are vſually let bloud on S. *Steuens* day: on S. *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper,

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, hee deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſack, but

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. Hee can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to out-liue good name; nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him a ſleepe, which breaks other mens ſlumbers. *Nobility* lightens in his eyes; and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitalitie*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memorie*: whether at his booke, or on horſebacke, he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he only *yeares*, to approue he hath liued till hee be olde, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high aime*, though their

their dwelling be in the *Vale of an humble heart*; whence, as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) hee is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but this doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and founded all her *quicke-ſands*. Hee hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or dye, hee can do both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, hee ſhewes vnto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

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An Intruder into fauour

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy : for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, hee falſly calles a *Couragious conſtancy*, and thinks the beſt part of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. Hee is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe ; though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe ; and knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a faire pretext) hee ſeemes to preſerue mud in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is firſt good to himſelfe ; in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection : for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers ate more woorth then his body. If euer hee doe good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke falles to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. Hee followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to encreaſe his owne. Hee pretends hee is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt plaid on. Debts he owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe he paies ere he bee ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinckles. He is *Mountains Monky*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the top, hee holds his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter

ſhewes on him, ãs if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, he goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd.

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumb Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is her ſelfe) is far better then outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arraied in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhe is deckt in *innocence*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *Conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *Immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courſew*. In Milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Gloue or Aromatique Oyntment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhe reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeare long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cokce. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her hart ſoft with pittie: and when winter euenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill,

being

being her minde is to doe well. Shee beſtowes her yeares wages at next faire; and in chooſing her Garments, 'counts no brauery i'th' world like decencie. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgerie*, and ſhe liues the longer for't. Shee dares goe alone, and vnfold ſheep i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhee meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhee is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhee dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhee, and all her care is ſhee may die in the *Spring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtuck vpon her winding ſheet.

An Arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the trick to blow vp Horſe-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* & *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyre-man. He is curſt all ouer the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay, hee cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould hee be

be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a bayt for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome Vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him only for that ſay, *Gr'amercy Horſe.* For his ſale of horſes, he hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which hee deſpaires not vtterly to bring to perfection, to make a horſe goe on a woodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quickſiluer, and giuing him ſuppoſitories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheaping he feares you will not bite; but he laughs in his ſleeue when hee hath cozened you in earneſt. French-men are his beſt Chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpoſe, and knowes hee can deceiue them very eaſily. Hee is ſo conſtant to his Trade, that

that while he is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe he dreams very fearefully of the pauing of Smithfield, for he knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

His life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe, makes many a Countrey Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes water Milles* are ſtil Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee ſendes Challenges by word of mouth: for he proteſts (as he is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, and greate houſes, beſide both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, thats the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the vnited forces of the *Romiſh Catholickes*

tholickes were making vp for *Germany*. Hee cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, hee answers him in his own Profession, that a *woodcocke* must bee pluckt ere hee bee dreſt. Hee is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, & in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentiſes on ſhroue-tueſday. He loues his Friend, as a Counſellor at Law loues the veluet Breeches he was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'll be ſure to weare him threede-bare ere hee forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt praier i'th' morning is, he may remember whom he fell out with ouer-night. *Soldier* he is none, for he cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpouder*: if he haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and ſo come to the knowledg of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes is an eſtate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-

Quarter-dayes; but hee three hundred and odde, Hee keeps very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *rekoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſicke next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutch-man reſident in England

IS but Quarter-Maſter with his wife. Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in *S. Catherines*, and hee'l bee puft vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places of pleaſure, hee loues

loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had neede bee ringed for rooting. Next to theſe hee effects Lotteries naturally ; and bequeathes the beſt prize in his Will aforehand ; when his hope fall, hee's blanke. They ſwarme in great Tenements like flies : ſixe Houſeholds will liue in a Garret. Hee was want (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, and ſell the taile for a ſhilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. He loues a Welch-man extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of conſonants and cheeſe. Like a Horſe, hee's onely guided by the mouth : when hee's drunke, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eele-skinne, and ſtrip him, his inſide outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to ſeethe in his Wiues broth for a conſumption, and loues the memory of King *Henry* the 8. moſt eſpecially for his old Soueraigns.

He

Hee ſayés wee are vnwiſe to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatſoeuer, hee deſires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hoppoles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is ſmall Beere, and the Spaniſh Inquiſition.

A Phantaſtique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy: view him well, & you'll ſay his Gentry ſits as ill vpon him, as if he had bogh̄t it with his pēny. He hath more places to ſend money to, then the Diuell hath to ſend his Spirits: and to furniſh each Miſtriſſe, would make him runne beſide his wits, if hee had any to loſe. Hee acconnts baſhfulneſſe the

wickedſt thing in the world; and therfore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honeſty would be out of faſhion: hee withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to doe his ſutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, 'tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: hee ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in th' towne, from euer hauing leiſure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to doe with him, they haue many Irons in th'fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; onely went ouer for a ſquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe hee carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius*, farre better then *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports

are

are Cock-fights; but the moſt frequent, horſe-races, from whence hee comes home drie-foundred. Thus when his purſe hath caſt her calfe, he goes down into the Country, where he is brought to milk and white cheeſe like the *Switzers.*

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amſterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conſcience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Pariſh. For his knowledge, hee is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Chriſt-croſſe* afore it, and his zeale conſiſts much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when he was on this ſide, to bee in Priſon: hee cryes out, tis impoſſible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Religion, and his equiuocation is

true: ſo long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeere, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometimes he doth *ſacrifice* to his own belly; prouided, that hee put off the Wake of his owne natiuitie, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, hee will be ſure to be a gueſt, and to out-eat ſixe of the fatteſt *Burgers*: he thinkes, though hee may not pray with a *Iew*, hee may eat with a *Iew*: he winkes when hee prayes, and thinks he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that hee can finde it blindefold. Latine hee accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; & when he ſpeakes of his owne Country, cryes he is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacy*; the only ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A Diſtaſter of the Time.

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* al the yeer long that looks back vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets for ward to meete it: his malice ſackes vp the greateſt part of his own venome, & therewith impoyſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue bin bitten by *Vipers*; & his gaule flowes as thick in him as oyle, in a poiſon'd ſto-

macke. He in fects all ſocietie, as thunder ſowres wine: war or peace, dearth or plenty, make him equally diſcontented. And where he findes no cauſe to taxe the State, hee deſcends to raile againſt the rate of ſalt butter. His wiſhes are *whirle-winds*; which breath'd forth, returne into him ſelfe, and make him a moſt giddy & totering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none; his buſineſſe is nothing. Hee is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by vnnaturallizing himſelfe, ſome would think him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere Fellow of an Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, he findes faults with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-veluet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title bee *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes hee keepes them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learnt to cough, and

ſpit and blow his noſe at euerie period, to recouer his memorie: and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralytie of Benifices and non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking glaſſe. Againſt hee comes to bee ſome greate mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. Hee ſpeakes Swords, Fights *Ergo's*: His paſe on foote is a meaſure; on horſebacke a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldry of a ſtudy, but hee knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip and begins an other.

A meere Petifogger

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes*: He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully then *Pillories*; & in a long vacation his ſport is to go a Fiſhing *with the Penall ſtatutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you ſee it, onely *writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keepe his *Clicnt* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a veſtrie-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vickar* when his wicked *counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands bya *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, hee money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Vnder-ſhrif ſhip*; which hauing thriſe run through, hee do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th'Shire: nay more, hae feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common wealthes man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle,

Soyle, whence hee reapes both Coyne and Curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience: Hee would wiſh (though he be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incenſe the furie: he would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of mony. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-cauſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Poperie) ſure hee would hide

hide ſome ſingle money in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him; he ſlanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarſity. His hording in a deere yeere, is like *Eriſicthons* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodq; ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* Hee prayes dayly for more incloſures, and knows no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our fore-fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danske* were at the *Moloc-*

cos;

cos; and had rather be certaine of ſome forraine inuaſion, then of the ſetting vp of the Stilyard. When his Barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a buſhell i'th' Market to ſerue his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Ægypt; ſo his (carried by the wind) ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo wel, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeauen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that hee has in his Parlour, which he will deſcribe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarſity. Hee cannot way with Tobacco; for hee is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of bread-corne; which he could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penaltie, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet ſmels hee cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted: nay,

nay that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for euer, or wee our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not bee found muſtie. The Poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the World, only to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, he bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare yeere in's belly, and rauins bread extreamly: when hee comes to be a freeman (if it be a Dearth) hee marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Diuelliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinks he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, hee ſhall ſooner

ſooner be ſaued by them. Hee can bee no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's: and a double-dealer hee is certainely; for by his good will he euer takes the forfeit. Hee puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good Deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered; nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues, for they make him wax rich. Hee hates all but Law-Latine; yet thinkes he might bee drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſon of a Iailor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauie & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth onely feare, the daie of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, then the paiment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: hee remooues his lodging when a ſubſidie comes; and if hee

hee be found out, and pay it, he grumbles Treaſon; but tis in ſuch a deformed ſilence, as Witches raiſe their Spirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundreth pound take one light ſixe-pence; and it ſeemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*, for you muſt not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conſcience; for (like the *Iakeſ-farmer* that ſwounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a colde ſweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were aboliſht: hee hides his money, as if hee thought to finde it againe at laſt day, and then begins olde trade with it. His clothes plead preſcription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a queſtion: yet ſhould hee liue to bee hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his caſe. The Table hee keepes is able to ſtarue twenty tall men; his ſeruants

uants hane not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare Diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: hee comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they lookes hungry. He like our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, 'cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues all the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memorie, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for Neighborhood, you were better dwell by a contentions Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather

Surfet,

Surfet, the Pox, or Deſpaire; for ſeldom ſuch as he dye of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould doe.

A Water-Man

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeake well of himſelfe; for alwaies hee names himſelfe, *The firſt Man*. If he had betane himſelfe to ſome richer Trade, hee could not haue chos'd but done well: for in this (though it bee a meane one) he is ſtill plying it, and puting himſelfe forward. He is euermore telling ſtrange newes; moſt commonly lies. If he bee a Sculler, aske him if he be married, hee'l equiuocate and ſweare hee's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to be giuen to him, for he thinks that dayhe does beſt when he fetches moſt men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of diſſembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillorie, he goes not that way he

 lookes:

lookes: hee keepes ſuch a bawling at *Weſtminſter*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the water, hee is Fare-company: when he comes aſhore, hee mutinies; and contrary to all other trades, is moſt ſurly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houſes only keep him ſober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an afternoones man. London-Bridge is the moſt terribleſt eye-ſore to him that can bee. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Preſſe*, makes him flye from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a great *Froſt*, can teach him any good manners.

A Re-

A Reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnes, only measur,d by his goodnesse: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them be; and to be himself such as he appeares; for verue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: he knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pity: he wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are Mulctuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-marks (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoid the ship-

wracke of ignorant paſſengers : hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor deſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exigent : he thinks himſelfe then moſt honorably ſeated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand : hee rather ſtriues to purchaſe good name then land ; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he deliuers his minde plainly, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to haue leſſe credit, then in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe backe with the Heralds : but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her childrens ſake ſhee firſt marries, for ſhee married that ſhee might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhee marries no more. Shee is like the pureſt golde, onely employd for Princes meddals, ſhee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioynture mooues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway hir. To change her name, were (ſhe thinks) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbands calling; ſhee thinks ſhe hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhe directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinkes her husbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhe not performe his Will: ſhe would doe it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues much to pious vſes, without any hope

to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another: ſo is ſhe wrought into workes of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her husband. She liues to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſarie for earth, God calls her not to heauen, till ſhee bee very aged: and euen then, though her naturall ſtrength faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chaſtity of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere ſhee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealouſie. Shee ought to be a mirrour for our youngeſt Dames, to dreſſe themſelues by, when ſhe is fulleſt of wrinckles. No calamity can now come neere her, for in ſuffering the loſſe of her husband, ſhee accounts all the reſt trifles: ſhe hath layd his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can bee: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, ſhee is a Relique, that without any ſuperſti-

tion in the world, though ſhe will not be kiſt, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heralds Hearſe-cloth; ſhe ſerues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Huſband. She vſes to cunning women to know how many Husbands ſhee ſhall haue, and neuer marries without the conſent of ſixe midwiues. Her chifeſt pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them ſhee gaines: for one ſerues to drawon another, and with one at laſt ſhe ſhootes out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a ſingle life, as Horſecourſers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancie is to one of the biggeſt of the Guard, but Knighthood

makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants, or kinsfolke, are the Trumpepeters that ſummon any to this combat; by them ſhe gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the olde Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe liue to be thrice married, ſhe ſeldome failes to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditours. A Church-man ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhe hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Soldier, though he haue Candlerents in the City, for his eſtate may bee ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without hee ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, and can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the olde rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lye conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is crack't,

crack't. Laſtly, while ſhe is a widdow, obſerue euer, ſhee is no Morning woman: the euening, a good fire and ſacke, may make her liſten to a Husband: and if euer ſhe be made ſure, tis vpon a full ſtomacke to bed-ward.

A Quackſaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enough of Diſeaſes, to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill hee ſtudies for. Hee tooke his firſt being from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her while hee made her Sea-coale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſin brought vpon man, doth he pretend to bee Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with rayling againſt ſuch, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking

king Cakebread, with the Fiſh-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a moſt abominable deale of muſty *Carduus*-water, and the Conduits cry out, All the learned Doctors may caſt their Caps at him. He parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the Suburbes, at whoſe houſe hee lyes: and though hee bee neuer ſo familiar with his wife, the Apothecarie dare not (for the richeſt horne in his ſhop) diſpleaſe him. All the Mid-wiues in the towne are his intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with child) theſe are his Idolaters. He is a more vniuſt Bone-ſetter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the ſmall Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; ſhrunke more ſinewes, then one that makes Bow-ſtringes; and killd more idly, then Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to loue a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to bee a Farrier.

His

His diſcourſe is vomit; and his ignorance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would bee ſpeedily cured, he hath more delayes, and doubles then a Hare, or a Law-ſuite: hee ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee ſhall want diſeaſes he'le beget them. His eſpeciall practiſe (as I ſayd afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and ſure hee gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect witte would meddle with him. Laſtly, hee is ſuch a Iuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the Citie will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that neede purgation, let them employ him in ſcouring *More-ditch.*

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome Intelligencer vnder a hedge ; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. He is not troubled with making of Ioyntures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouerſeers of his Will. Hee leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant tongue ; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welch from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could bee altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee ſtarue ; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him : and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Graund Rogue. as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The March

March Sunne breedes agues in others but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and ſerues beſt on foote. He offends not the Statute againſt the exceſſe of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntarie pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer ſued vpon the ſtatute of Inmates. If he were learned, noe man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for he hath traueld it ouer and ouer. Laſtly, hee bragges, that his greate houſes are repaird to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cooke

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garriſon neere famiſh't, where hee practiſed to make a little goe farre; ſome driue it from more antiquity, and ſay *Adam* (when hee pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you finde him a very ſawcy companion. Euer ſince the warres in *Naples*, hee hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his nation ſhould keep a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their Conſcience. He can be truly ſaid to bee no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſeruants are ſtarued by him. Hee is the prime cauſe why

Noble-

Noblemen build their houſes ſo great, for the ſmalnes of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger : and the Lord calles him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhroomes or any thing : that which hee dreſſes wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale ; yet is hee ſo full of variety, that hee brags, and truely, that hee giues you but a taſte of what hee can do: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion ; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which ſayes Wee ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his lifetime bee confinde to the Church-yarde; at leaſt within fiue foote on't: for at euery Church ſtile, commonly ther's an Ale-houſe; where let him bee found neuer ſo idle pated, hee is ſtill a graue drunkard. Hee breakes his faſt heartilieſt while he is making a graue, and ſayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a ſlouen, yet he loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheets bo not made wormes meate. Like a nation cald the *Cuſani*, he weeps when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reaſon; he goes by Burials

not

not Christnings: hee will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe bee both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, and there he sleepes by the houre-glasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, & he paies tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, hee wishes the Dogge-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubile.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Diuell, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that hee forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling

with State-buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mix heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion & Penance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thoght he hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. Hee is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of all irregularity and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuit, and would bee called Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vpon his heart; in England he ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Cli-

mate

mate hides him so securely as a Ladyes Chamber: the modesty of the *Pursevant* hath onely forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Euill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is most exquisitly perfect in him; for by a full and significant action of body, he charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawen from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not striue to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same Scene with him, but

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truly done before vs: a man of a deep thoght might apprehend, the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seuerall times) for many of thē. He is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for studie or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue been of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what he doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Heere one Acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men liuing, a worthy Actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I wold doe golde in the oare; I should not minde the drosse but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

HIs outſide is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inſide may giue armes (with the beſt Gentleman) and ne're ſee the Herald. There is no truer ſeruant in the houſe then himſelfe. Though he bee Maſter, he ſayes not to his ſeruants, go to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and ſet forward all manner of husbandry. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nouriſhment God ſends, whileſt curious gluttonie ranſackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the ryot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderſtanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beaſts; they thriue not vnder it: and that ſuch men

ſleep

ſleep as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuft with Lawyers pen-kniues. When hee builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almeſ-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription. Hee neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vſes hee any cruelty, but when he hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty but when he ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the month of Iuly, he goes to the next riuer, and ſheares his ſheep. Hee allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the Countrey Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Euen-ſong. Rocke-Monday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrouings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, theſe he yerely keeps, yet holds thē no reliques of Popery. Hee is not ſo inquiſitiue after

newes deriued from the priuie cloſet, when the finding an eiery of Haukes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good ſtraine, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though hee hold by neuer ſo meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though hee leaue his heire yong) in regard hee leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; hee needes not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and ſhould he bee hang'd or pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt vncleanely con-

conueyance. Hee doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer he did, was the tune hee ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pitifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well layd together.

A couetous

A couetous man.

THis man would loue honor and adore God if there were an L. more in his name; Hee hath cophind vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his bodie; He could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger on condition he had his chymicall quality: At the grant of a new ſubſidie he would gladly hang himſelfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take money vpon vſe when he heares of a priuy ſeale. His morning prayer is to ouerlooke his bagges, whoſe euery parcel begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to cozen this tennant, begger that Widdow, or to vndoe ſome Orphane, Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowen dayes of payment con'de by heart, and if he euer pray, it is ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may be obtained. His vſe is doubled, and no one ſixpence begot or borne,

borne but presently by an vntimely thrifte it is getting more, His chimney, must not be acquainted with fire for feare of mischance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him he gets him heat with looking on, and sometime remoouing his aged wood-pile which he meanes to leaue to many discents till it hath outliued all the woods of that countrey. He neuer spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his seruants will breake glasses for want of light, which they dublie pay for in there wages; His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts and he conceaues no sinne which he dare not act saue onely lust, from which he abstaines for feare hee should bee charged with keeping Bastards, once a yeere he feasts the reliques of which meale shall serue him the next quarter. In his talk he rails against eating of breakfasts drinking betwixt meales, and sweares he is impouerished with paying of tythes. He had

rather

haue the frame of the world fall then the price of corne; If he chance to trauell he curſes his fortune that his place bindes him to ryde, and is faithfull cloackbag is ſure to take carefor his kuiſion. His nights are as trobleſome as the dayes euerie rat awakes him out of his vnquiet ſleepes; If he haue a Daughter to mārrie he wiſhes he were in Hungarie or might follow the cuſtome of that countrey that all her portion might be a wedding gowne. If he fall ſicke he had rather die a thouſand deaths then pay for any Phiſicke, and if he might haue his choice he would not goe to heauen but on condition he may put money to vſe there. In fine he liues a drudge, dyes a wretch that leaues a heap of pelfe (which ſo many carefull hands had ſcraped together) to haſt after him to Hell and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purſe.

The proud man.

IS one in whom pride is a qualitie that condemes euery one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloaths thinks himſelfe wrong'd if they be not obſeru'd, imitated, & his deſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe aplauded, when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence; hee goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuite will giue him leaue and euerie paſſenger he viewes vnder the eye browes, to obſerue wether hee vailes his ponnet low enough which he returnes with an Imperious Nod; He neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attyre he is effeminate, euerie haire knowes his owne ſtation which if it chance to looſe, it is, checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole common wealth out of order then the leaſt member of his much

Muchatoe and chooſes rather to looſe his patrimonie then to haue his band rufled at a feaſt; if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeat, he eates nothing, howſoeuer he drinkes to no man, talkes with noe man for feare of familiaritie, Hee profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come he can eate little he hath beene ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talkes of none but priuie counſellours, and is as prone to belie their acquaintance as hee is a Ladyes fauours, if he haue but twelue pence in his purſe hee will giue it for the beſt roome in a play houſe; He goes to Sermons, onely to ſhow his cloathes, and if on other inferiour dayes he chance to meete his friend he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

A Priſon

A Priſon.

IT ſhould bee Chriſts Hoſpitall : for moſt of your wealthy citizens are good benefactours to it : and yet it can hardly bee ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept vpon almes. Charities houſe and this are built many miles a ſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is heere praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecution cannot chuſe but proue good Chriſtians in that they are a kind of Martyrs and ſuffer for the truth. And yet, it is ſo curſed a peece of land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to bee his fathers heyre in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeere long : the plague ſores of the law are the diſeaſes heere hotly raigning. The Surgeons are Atturneyes and Pettifoggers, who kill more then they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City

peſti-

peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moorefields, (by reaſon the mad men are ſo neere) but the croſſes heere and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweete an ayre: for it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, and the Naſty heapes of voluntarie-decayed Bankerupts: by which means it comes, to be a perfect meddal of the Iron age; ſythence nothing but gingling of keies, rattling of ſhackles, bolts and grates are heere to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greeks that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is here truely to be prooued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poaſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſique? euery man heere ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out, hee runnes diuiſion vpon euery note;

note, and yet (to their commendations bee it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church; They are no Anabaptiſts, if you aske vnder what Horizon this Climate lyes, the Bermudas and it, are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with Diuels, it is not ſo: for thoſe Diuels (ſo talked of and feared) are none els but hoggiſh Iailors. Hither you neede not ſaile, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the maſters ſide is the vpper deck: They in the common Iayle lie vnder hatches and helpe to ballaſt it; Intricate caſes are the tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancery-bils the huge ſailes, A long Tearme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Councell the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwaine, his fleeting Clarke the Swabber, Bonds the Waues, Outlawries guſts, The Verdicts of Iuries rough Windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in peeces.

Or if it bee not a Shippe, yet this and a Shippe differ not much in the Building; the one is a moouing miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Pyles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe or a Bawdy-houſe of it; for nothing is to bee ſeene (in any Roome) but Scruuy Beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonour it) it is an Vniuerſitie of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefly ſtudyed: To pray, to curſe, and to write letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monyed man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: hee is a ſure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the generation

tion of this creature: hee dwels on the backside of the world, or in the Suburbs of society, and liues in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; And This vnder it. At his first comming in, hee is a *peece* of *new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lie sucking at his purse. An old man and *he* are much alike, neither of them both goe farre, They are still angry, and peeuish, and they sleepe little. He was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of languages is onely in his mouth, All the vacations, he speakes as good English, as any man in England: But in *Tearme times* hee breakes out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Issues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurs*, *Querrels*, *Subpenas*, *&c.* able to fright a simple Country-fellow, and make him beleeue he coniures. Whatsoeuer his complexion was before, it

turnes (in this place) to *choller* or deepe *melancholly*, ſo that hee needes euery howre to take *phyſicke* to looſe his body for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extreamly *hard bound*. The taking of an *execution* off his ſtomacke giues him fiue or ſix ſtooles, and leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an action is a *vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an vtter Barreſter (nay a Sargeant of the caſe) will feede heartily vpon him, hee is very good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after hee hath ſuffered execution, an excellent Lecture may be made vpon his body: for he is a kinde of dead carcas, *Creditors*, *Lawyers* and *Iaylors* deuoure it, *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flea off his owne skinne, and lap him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very hart. He is a bondſlaue to the law, and (albeit hee were a Shop-keeper in *London*)

London) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience write himſelfe a *freeman*. His *religion* is of fiue or ſix colours, this day he prayes that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors. And to morrow hee curſeth the time that euer he ſaw them. His *apparrell* is daub'd commonly with *ſtatute-lace*, the *ſuit* it ſelfe of *durance*, & the *hoſe* full of long Paines: Hee hath many other laſting ſuits, which he himſelfe is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life, is like that of the *Sunne* (mary not halfe ſo glorious.) It beginnes in *Aries* and ends in *Piſces*. Both *head* and *feet* are (all the yeere long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Sphcare*. He liues between the two *Tropiques* (*Cancer* and *Capricorne*) and by that meanes is in Double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head* if his wiues heeles bee light. If hee be a *Gentle-man* hee alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (heere) carry *feilds*

or *argent*, but whatſoeuer they bare before, heere they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles he lies by it, hee's trauelling ore the *Alpes*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnowes that lies vnmelted in the middle of ſummer. He is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes ſpeakes of faire weather. Of all the files of men, hee marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot and is no man of this world. Hee hath loſt his way, and being benighted ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolues*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away* without being deuoured. He that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*, goes ſtill but a coyts caſt before this man.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. Hee is one of *Deucalions* ſonnes begotten of a ſtone.

The

The marble images in the Temple-Church that lie crosse-legg'd doe much resemble *him*, sauing that *this* is a little more *crosse*. He weares a forfeited band vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welch-man* does a *leeke* on Saint *Dauids day*, and quarrels more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught, for the newes that such a gallant's come yesternight to town, drawes out of him both muscadell and money to. Hee sayes the *Lords Prayer backewards*, or (to speake better of him) hee hath a *Pater noster* by himselfe, and that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts as wee forgiue others* &c. He either quite leaues out, or else leapes ouer it. It is a dangerous Rub in the ally of his conscience. Hee is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law* and hunts *counter*, very swiftly and with great iudgement. Hee hath a *quick-sent* to smell out his gaine, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet neuer opens till hee bites, and bites not

but hee *killes*, or at leaſt drawes *blood* and then hee *pincheth* moſt *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beaſt, vpon which hee *ambles* ſo often to *Weſtminſter*. And a *Lawyer* is his *God Almighty*, in *him* onely hee truſts, to *him*, he flies in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour, to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does he worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels* to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farrier*, and helpes to recouer all his diſeaſed and maymed obligations. Euery Tearme hee ſets vp a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, vpon which he racks and ſtretches *Gentlemen* like Engliſh *broadcloth*, beyond the ſtaple of the *woll*, till the threds crackc, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrinke, and preſently to weare *bare*; Marrie hee handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelfe bee one) like a peece of *Spaniſh cloth*, giues him onely a twitch and ſtraines

him

him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *breake of himselfe*. and then hee can cut nothing out of him but shreds. To the one he comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather then faile, hee takes ten groats i'th' pound for his *ransome*, and so lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hillary* to the end of *Michaelmasse*, his purse is full of *quick-siluer*, and that sets him running from *Sunne-rise* to *Sunne-set*, vp *Fleet-street*, and so to the *Chancerie*, from thence to *Westminster*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to *another*, then to *Atturney*, then to a *Counsellour*, and in euery of these places hee melts some of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation he goes to grasse and gets vp his *flesh* again, which he bates as you haue heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnlesse he could be sau'd by his booke, he cannot for his heart call for a *Psalme* of *mercy*. He is a

Law-

Law-trap baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* hee catches, are debtors, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like *cats*) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *vnſatiable creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sargeant

WAs once taken (when hee *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decayed Shopkeeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Diuel made ſomtimes out of one of the twelue companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder brother, and hee dying without iſſue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marrie him)

him) this then inherites. His *habite* is a *long Gowne* made at firſt to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monſtrous, hee now goes in buſſe: his conſcience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughneſſe. The *Counter-gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole Citie* his *Paris Garden*, the miſery of a poore man (but eſpecially a bad liuer) is the offals on which he feedes. The Diuell cals him his *white Sonne*; he is ſo like him, that he is the worſe for it, and hee takes after his father, for the one *torments bodyes* as faſt as the other *tortures ſoules*. *Money* is the *cruſt* hee leapes at; *crie* a *Ducke* a *Duck*, and hee plunges not in ſo eagerly as at *this*. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing elſe: hee hath his name for the ſame qualitie, for *Sergeant* is *Quaſi See Argent* looke you *Rogue* heere is money. He goes *muffled* like a theeſe and carries ſtill the markes of one, for he *ſteales* vpon a man cowardly, *pluckes* him by the throat, makes him *ſtand*,

and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walkes in Terme-time are vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Tearme vp Holborne and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation hee lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blinde, drunken, baudy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpy his prey out he leaps, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; hee neuer is forſworne, for hee ſweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, & he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace* which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomack in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortal poiſon. This Rauen peeks not out mens eyes as others do, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *night Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies in Hell die, this *Cacodæmon* hath

the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately vpon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee payes him him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Sheriffs cuſtards he is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharp ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The City (is by the cuſtom) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keep them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Dog-houſe*, but theſe within the wals, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerall huntings. He is a Citizens birdlime, and where he holds he hangs.

This Yeoman

IS the *Hanger* that a *Sargeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame *Bale*, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes

runnes ſome-what *higher* and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *conyes*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a patterne. One *Terme fleſhes* him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breakfaſt*. The *Diuell* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the loue he beares him, will leaue him as much as if hee were his owne childe. And for that cauſe (inſteade of prayers) hee does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sargeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharp, and hee more hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as

a *Cut-*

a *Cut-purſes* in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *office* is as the dogges to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bed-rid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more ſiluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Iaylour

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger, but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhnes, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt, of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble; for hee comes of the race of thoſe Angels that fel with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that dore; For this Iaylours ſoule ſtands not vpon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. He is a Iudges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hang-man* of the law (with a lame hand) and if the law gaue him all his limbs perfect, hee would ſtrike thoſe on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

againſt

againſt a Debtor, he is a Creditors ſe-cond: but obſerues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is fowle, and on all baſe aduantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hangs vp together. and are made very neere of the ſame mettle: ſauing that the one is harder then the other, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. Hee diſtils mony out of pooremens tears, & grows fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of hell, can diſ-charge it better, becauſe heere he does nothing but ſtudie the Theorique of it. His houſe is the picture of hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office ſtand exemplified there. A chamber of lowſie beds is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz : To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer e-ſcape, and to bee ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cryes of others, and Gods to his : and good reaſon, for

lay the life of a man in one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt to find the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if hee deſires iuſtice to be done him) for he ſhewes none, and I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe hee knowes heauen hath no neede of ſuch Tennants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleep euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſteade, to bee euer in feare, and euer hated, what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Charrcter is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαρᾰξω, which ſignifies to engraue, or make a deep Impreſſion. And for that cauſe,

cauſe, a letter (as A. B.) is challed a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſſe, or ſhort Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloze: It is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That ſerueth not anothers will;
Whoſe Armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſilly Truth *his higheſt skill.*

Whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreit:
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giue with praiſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmeleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke of Friend.

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

CERTAINE EDICTS from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell.*

INprimis, Hee that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhee bee her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchles name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keeps

keeps her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item. that no Banckrupt Knight, that to ſet vp ſhop againe becoms paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall euer after ſweare by his honour; but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint ſhall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfeted her picture faire enough, vnleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfetter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed & caſt her off, vnleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhal court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vnleſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-waiter ſhall feed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer-enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, he that ſweareth when hee loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, & wants wit to encounter her, ſhall think he hath redeemd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee were white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſte.

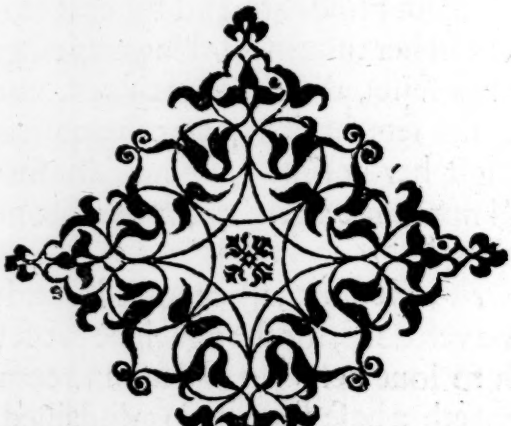
Item,

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, ſhall haue his bels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Beeing of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hipocrite; and ſhe that emploies al her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of ſpider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquiri amongſt her goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, He that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile ſuddenly on her, for feare hee be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate he may ſay that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, & that he finds her wauering in goodneſſe

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his iudgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that he preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.



NEWES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVP-
poſall of Noueltie.

Occaſioned by diuers Eſſayes, and priuate *paſſages of Wit, betweene ſundry Gentlemen vpon that ſubiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miſeries beyond happineſſe, as a this ſide it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euerie mans by aſſenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it ſelfe was neuer

neuer but a minute olde. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleeres her way as ſhee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankind then the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to be ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers wordes. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding: That the wiſedome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould be, the latter makes vſe of what is,

That

That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vppe *trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuailed, that *Truth* is now the greatest newes. Sir, *T. Ouer.*

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of

of Saluation was laid before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merite, goes iuſt ſo farre backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudie, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honor, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and feares *Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Diuell, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but

not

not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Countrey Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of peace is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly is accounted greate wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That we loue names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humilitie. That the Puritane

tane perſecution is as a clowde that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrey-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welch*. That a Courtier neuer attaynes his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to knowe, and to vnderſtand, are 3. degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valor: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long is to fill vp the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnes is

from

from within the externall is pollicy. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the aime of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religon, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of policy, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authority preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: policy trips vp the heeles and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage, hee that is firſt out, findes eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that driues both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That Heauen is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for we are the richer for the disburſing. That liberality ſhould haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the myſtery of greatneſſe is to keepe the inferiour

ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the City cares not what the Countrie thinkes.*

Sir. T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue beene in faſhion, and are very neere worne out. That Iuſtices of peace haue the felling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the greate fals. The Ieſuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one ſuccour'd in a greate mans houſe, and coſt deere; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuoures vertues, and leſſe vices. That it is wholſomeſt getting a ſtomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftieſt laying

of

of it at a nothers Table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, and here haue the liberty of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blind beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whome. That there are (God be thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* & *Weſtminſter-Hall*. That onely Chriſtmas Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon Beds, as plaſhed againſt walles. That our carts are neuer worſe imploied, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horſe taile, concur in one root of beauty and ſtrength, but being pluckt out one by one, ſerue only for Springes and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe

we doe not all eate thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the country, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife & children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife & anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites courſe her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholſome heere; for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the poxe. That heere is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe heere are noe ſecrets. That Court-motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Anſwere

Anſwer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dreſſer of his own fatting. That the fiue Senſes are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique ſinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the cuſtome-tribute, ſoules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by ſimplicitie; but thoſe of *London*, by ſimple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with ſhort cudgels dance the Matachine. That thoſe which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, then thoſe of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superſtition* hath of late her maſque rent from her face, and ſhee is found with a wrie mouth and a ſtinking breath, and thoſe that courted her hotly, hate her now in the ſame degree, or beyond, That Nature too much louing her owne, be-

becomes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that holde the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrarie, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Countrey, and time preſent dwelles at Court. That I liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuerſitie.

A Mere Scholler is but a liue booke. Action doth expreſſe knowledge better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather be an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray head, wiſedome; yet moſt condemne the follies of there owne infancy, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will beare an old error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, the array of Iudgment, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be either a skilful ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetorique*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſtie of the bodie without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawen ſtrong concluſions, to diſprooue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and bodie of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two creatures. Our

per-

perfection in this World is vertue; in the next knowledge; when wee ſhall read the glory of God in his own face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the beſt pleaſure is to haue no obiect of pleaſure, & vniformity is a better proſpect thē variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where riſings and falls, Calmes, and croſſe-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes but by chance. That it is the worſt winde to haue no winde, and that your ſmooth fac'd Courtier, deading your courſe by a calme giues greater impediment, then an open enemies croſſe-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing ſo intricate and infinite, to rigge a ſhip as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe

pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, & leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to be bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noiſe of a Storme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall

petuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where hee may runne himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will bee but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Shippe vnder Saile be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſaue the paſſenger. And heere I caſt Anchor.

W. S.

Forraine

Forraine Newes of the yeere. 1618.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: thoſe that beeing new, are hard and harſh, prooue beſt: the moſt pleaſing are leaſt laſting. That an enemy fierce at the firſt onſet, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may paſſe it dry foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apiſh and vnſtable; a wonder if that be ſettled.

That vaine glory, new faſhions, and the *French* diſeaſe, are vpon tearmes of quitting

quitting their Countries Alleadgeance to be made free Deniſons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their ſcarres, which cannot bee ſo well cloſed to the ſight, but they will lie open to the memory. That a Princes pleſurable vices, vſhered by authoritie, and waited on by conniuence, ſooner puniſh themſelues by the ſubiects imitation, then they can bee reformed by remonſtance or correction: ſo apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftener for thetellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine,

THat the ſhorteſt cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by there contempt. That who is feared of moſt feares moſt. That it more vexeth the proud, that men deſpiſe them, then that they not feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flattering of tired crueltie, to honeſt it with the title of clemencie. That to eat much at others mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and Countrey. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a ſillie Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Galley-ſlaues, ſetting light by their captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That to bee ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to bee ſo courteous as to giue the way to an enemie. That lightning and greatneſſe more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſin is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feede, to feed on. That for an Engliſhman to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we liue; ſo we take heed how wee liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt and the loweſt Fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſſe, make their houſes their Tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouer top them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is becauſe they are openly badde. That frugalitie is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for colde and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charity and Safety.

From.

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is helde no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt bee taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proue his owne too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euerie ſlight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

Newes.

From the Low Countries:

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is deſperation while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelyhoode of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſerie, hee liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the wars, as well as the good is variable.

Newes

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience. then a whole skinne. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loath to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coſen the Diuell. That *Flatterie* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That noe man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. that the life

of moſt Women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at tables in the Hal, though Seruing-men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That hee who will riſe, muſt firſt lie downe and take humilitie in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in ſleepe we kindely ſhake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, wee will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt wee may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſitie, or a Seruants diſcouery.

God giue you good morrow.

B. R.

Newes of my morning Worke,

THat to be good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy-walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the Diuell is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt cozen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is deaths Leger-Ambaſſadour. That time can neuer bee ſpent: wee paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſinne makes worke for repentance or the Diuell. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memorie is diuided into two parts: the part loſing

all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like protestants in Spaine. That predestination and constancy are a like vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauorite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being well, possesseth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sickneſſe the post-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreame sickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That abscence doth sharpen loue, presence strengthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer encreaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is a like rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falshood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale and lame knowledge are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt where moſt contemned

temned. That no Porter but reſoluti-on keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy beeing a friend, wrongs himſelfe by beeing in acquaintance. That the worſt part o fignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

ITis ſayd among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world : if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bedtime with a man at three ſcore and ten : and hee that liues to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meat, is our electiõ before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. Hee that hates to bee reprooued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a fowle trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the companie dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee

that

that hath many friends eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a chollericke man ſits euer by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe is a gilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinks. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any passion is drie drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for an heauy soule to leane on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that hee may take physicke. He that riseth without thankesgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: childe-hood, youth and old age. That to suppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore

Goodnight to you heere,
and good morrow heereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a croſſe courſe that lye downe there. That thoſe that will not riſe, their ſouls muſt, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That wee haue ſpent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iuſtice. That Chriſt when hee went away, left good ſeede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, he ſhall finde Chriſtians, but not faith. That the Diuell hath got vpon vs, the ſame way that hee did at the firſt, by drawing ſhadowes ouer ſubſtances, as hee did the body ouer the ſoule. That *Proteſtants* weare the name of Chriſt for a Charme, as *Papiſts* doe the Croſſe. That States vſe it, the Clergie liue by

it

it, the People follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome, That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to be feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Diuell, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* often times meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take heede. That the rule is in all thinges

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe to gether, but the better before. That wee haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to caſt them out as Diuels. That thoſe which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition. That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouerment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſinceritie, in the cauſe of trueth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too littel knowledge, haue made the world mad. That we haue a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, hee is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernment of it alwayes about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as hee requires an account, ſo hee muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects ow him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well is as great a thing as to gouerne and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States be naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe

not

not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church them ſelues. That they are the Temple of the holy ghoſt, and therefore ought to pluck downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idolles of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, pride Gluttony, wantoneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the Diuell makes it an occaſion to tempt. That hee is a Spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which he giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word. and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance.

That

That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made vp againe, and ſanctifies the body. That ſo wee are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a pawne, that where hee is, wee ſhall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules and God the Teacher.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the Bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſarie ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the olde faſhion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heauen was his canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheets. That they were either verie innocent, verie ignorant, or verie impudent, they

they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lie without a couerlet. That it is likly *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſteritie of her Sex euer ſince to lye on their backs. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senſes are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the Soule euer wakes to watch the bodie. That a iealous man ſleeps dog-ſleep. That ſleepe makes no difference betweene a wiſe man and a foole. That for all times ſleepe is the beſt bedfellow. That the deuill and miſchiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had beene all true, there had not beene ſince Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That the secure man ſleeps ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a ſtate. There is anaturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſarie, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knows, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R. S.

Newes from Shipbord.

THat Repentance with out amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That he that liues without Religion, ſayles with out a compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe of

of a peacefull Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the foole is Sea-ſicke in a Calme, but the Wiſemans ſtomacke endures all weathers. That paſſions in a foole are Ordinance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their propertie of offending others and ruine himſelfe. That good Fortunes are a ſoft quick-ſand, aduerſitie a rocke; both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouertie a ready rigg'd Ship that lies windbound. That good faſhion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall find his heart by it whereſoeuer it lyes. Wiſedome makes vſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pylot of Rocks for Sea-markes to ſaile by.

H. R.

Newes from the chimney corner.

THat wit is Bruſhwood, Iudgment Timber: the one giues the greateſt flame, the other yeeldes the durableſt heat, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawds and Atturneyes are Andyrons that holde vp their Clyents till they burne each other to aſhes they receiue warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction. That a Wiſe-rich-man is like the backe or ſtocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, hee receiues it not for his owne neede, but to reflect the heat to others good. That Houſe-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughes in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of faith is fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing. A young fellow

fellow falne in loue with a Whoore, is ſayd to be falne a ſleep in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keepes a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dog in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meat for other mens eating. The Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſayd to hold their hands to

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the Glo-worme in ſteade of a coale for heat. That a wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keepes the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked vppe in embers, to make a fire next day.

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FINIS.